

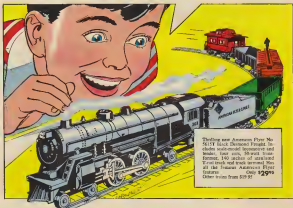
DELL

DECEMBER
10¢

108
ROY ROGERS
and **TRIGGER**



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Leading new American Flyer No. 5612T Black Diamond Freight includes scale-model locomotive and tender, four cars, 16-foot train-former, 140 pieces of standard T-rail track and track-irons! Also all the famous American Flyer features. **Only \$29.95**
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ROY DO YOU RECKON PAT BRADY WILL BE AT THE LOWER GAP WITH HIS WHEEL-LESS WAGON CONTRAPTION?

YES, LEW? PAT IS USUALLY ON TIME!

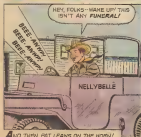
DOWN THE TRAIL FROM THE "LOST GULCHES," RIDE ROY AND THE HEADS OF THE RECENTLY-FEUDING PURDY AND BARNSMAN CLANS--TO MEET A MODERN-DAY MARSH.

[illegible]

HELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

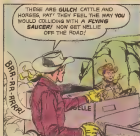


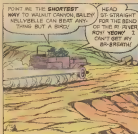
AND ON
REACHING
TOWN...



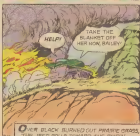


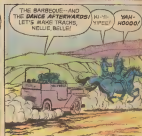












Roy Rogers' Horse TRIGGER

AND THE PYGMY HORSES

DRIVEN BY HUNGER TO BROWSE ON BRANCHES HIGHER THAN THE HALF-SIZE HORSES CAN REACH, TRIGGER AND PHOTO JACK MAKE THE BEST OF THE CANYON THAT HAS BEEN THEIR PRISON SINCE PHOTO'S ACCIDENT...



...JUST AS TRIGGER IS FIRST IN THE HEART OF THE SMALL COLT HE SAVED FROM DROWNING NOT LONG AGO!



BUT ONE CAN SOON TIRE OF A BREAKFAST OF LEAVES AND BARKY AND BESIDES, THE QUEST FOR A CLIMB-WAY OUT OF THE CANYON IS THE FIRST THING IN TRIGGER'S MIND



NOT AIT RISING FROM THE DUM-BARKED CANYON FLOOR BRINGS THE SMELL OF HORSES TO THE NOSE TILLS OF A HUNGRY COUSAR—AN OLD FELLOW, TOO SLOW NOW TO CATCH THE BOUNDING DEER!





WHERE MOST HORSES WOULD HAVE FLED, TRIGGER THINKS ONLY OF HIS FRIEND'S FIGHT, AND WITH THE HATED SCENT IN HIS NOSTRILS LEAPS IN AFTER IT!

TO THE LITTLE COLT SAFETY MEANS NEAR. NOT TO TRIGGER! WITH AN ANXIOUS WHINNY, HE STUMBLES OVER THE BANK!



SUDDENLY, DARKNESS AND THE ROAR OF WATER RUSHING THROUGH A NARROWING TUNNEL BAGGERS THEM ALL!



THEN WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, HE FORCES THE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY POUND BEAST ASHORE!



HURLED AGAINST THE ROCK WALL, PHOT JACK SCREAMS AGAIN IN FEAR--(AND IS CARRIED ON)



WHEE-HAW-
HAW-HAW!

HO, HO, HO!

BEWILDERED AND TOSSED ABOUT, BARELY KEEPING ITS SMALL HEAD ABOVE WATER, THE COLT CALLS OUT TO HIS FRIEND AND HERO. TRIGGER RESPONDS...



UH-HUH-HUH!

...AND MOVES CLOSE TO THE STRUGGLING ANTE, COMFORTING HIM IN THE DARKNESS.



A MIGHTY WAVE SUCKS THEM UNDER—THEN JERKS THEM OUT AND UP TO THE LIFE-GIVING AIR! DAY LIGHT MEETS THEM NOW...



...AND THE ROCK WALL OF A CHASM RUSHES PAST!



THEN THEY BREAK AWAY AND FALL BACK TO LET IN THE GLINT OF THE NEW-RISEN MOON ON CALMER WATER.



"MOOSEY
MUET!"

P INTO JACK BLOWS A DEEP BREATH OF RELIEF— AND HEADS FOR A GRAVEL BAR, ACROSS WHICH DRIFTS THE SCENT OF GREEN GRASS.



"EEE-EE!"

"HUM-HUM!"

BEHIND HIM, TRIGGER HEARS A SMALL GASP! THE NEW COLT IS AT THE END OF HIS STRENGTH, SINKING!



WITH THE HERD LEADER'S INSTINCT, THE BIG PALOMINO GRABS THE COLT'S NECK, LIFTS HIS HEAD FROM THE SWIRLING WATER!



"HUM-HUM
HO-HO!"

MOMENTS LATER, THE YOUNGSTER'S TREMBLING LEGS FIND FIRM GROUND— AND A FRIENDLY MUDDIE STEADIES HIM.



"WHUFF?"

AS TRIGGER JOINS HIS FRIENDS, A "BOL" OF THE RIVER CURRENT BRINGS THE OLD COUSAN'S BODY BREATHLY INTO VIEW! THEN IT IS GONE!



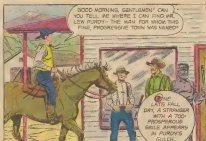
MORNING COMES TO CHANGE THE WORLD WITH WARM MUSIC—AND THREE JUMPY MOUTHS ARE FILLED WITH THE SWEET JUICES OF GREEN GRASS! THE CANYON PRISON ADVENTURE SEES ARI IN THE PAST!

ROY ROGERS

and

TRIGGER

IN
STOLEN
ROUNDUP





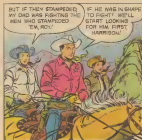


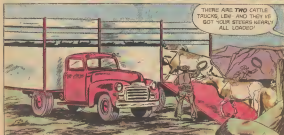




FROM THE RIM, A GREAT SLIDE OF ROCK AND GRAVEL, GAINING MOMENTUM, BORING OUT THE TRAIL!









TURN YOUR HORSES LOOSE, BOYS! TRIGGER WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM! WE'LL DO THE REST OF THIS JOB WITHOUT THEM!

WITH LOU MOORE'S INSTRUCTIONS, ROY TAKES CHARGE.



WE SHOULD HAVE A CHANCE TO GET CLOSE BEFORE WE JUMP THEM! THEY WON'T BE LOOKING FOR US, BUT LET'S NO RELAX!



THEY'RE LOADED EZ NOW WE'LL TAKE OUR PAY!

TWO HUNDRED BUCKS FOR THE STEERS - AND A HUNDRED BONUS!



BONUS? FOR WHAT BAGOON?

FOR BEING ONE OF THOSE GULCHERS! WE HAD TO! SO IT'S THREE HUNDRED AMBOS YOU OWE US, LOOKA!



THREE HUNDRED, I SAID!

SEE HERE BAGOON! I DON'T KNOW OR CARE WHO YOU BELONG TO! THIS IS ROBBERY!



YOU BET IT'S ROBBERY AFTER LOOKING! AND THIS HERE IS THE END OF IT! REACH FOR A STAR, YOU COWBOYS!

LOU!



A MINUTES LATER, ALL IS UNDER CONTROL.

BUT YOU'LL DRIVE THE SECOND TRUCK! THINK YOU CAN PACK FIVE INTO THE CAB?

I AIM TO TRY IT, ROY! SEE YOU IN GRANTSVILLE!



YOU GET IN THE FIRST TRUCK, LEW, AND GUARD THESE AWAL HORNERS WHILE I DRIVE!

I-I NEVER RODE IN ONE OF THESE THUNDERBOLT INVENTIONS, ROY... BUT IF YOU SAY SO--



HOURS OF BUMPING OVER TRACKLESS DESERT BRING THE TWO TRUCKLOADS OF STEERS AT LAST TO THE LOADING PENS AT GRANTSVILLE.

HERE YOU ARE, COW THIEVES! END OF THE LINE FOR YOU!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE



HERE'S YOUR CHECK, LEW FROM A **REAL** CATTLE BUYER WHO HAPPENED TO BE IN TOWN: TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH-- FOR YOUR FORTY STEERS!

WHOOPERS! ROY, I CAN'T BELIEVE YET THAT I'M NOT DREAMING!



AND NEXT DAY, THANKS TO ROY ROGERS, LEW PURDY'S LUCK STILL HOLDS!

BREED OF THE PIONEERS

THE DECISION

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Jogging away from school on his pony and heading for the ranch where he lived with his aunt and uncle, Rod Marton felt a sudden prick at his neck. He felt around the collar of his jacket; his fingers met something hard half under the collar. He pulled it in front of his eyes.

"Jeepers," he gasped. "Miss Randle's fancy pin . . . the one she lost!"

He reined up to stare at the brooch set with blue gems, sparkling in the bright afternoon sun. His thoughts whirled back to the earlier scene in the classroom, when Miss Randle had told the pupils that her pin was missing. Dismayed, she explained that it was old and valuable, a family heirloom.

At her request, the whole class had turned out to search the schoolyard for it. Miss Randle thought she had lost it during recess while supervising games. It hadn't turned up. Miss Randle didn't say anything more, but she must have thought what all the students were wondering: Had someone found it and kept it?

Rod looked at the pin in his hand as if it were a rattlesnake. How had it gotten on his jacket? Then Rod remembered how he had playfully wrestled with Jim during recess outside. They had rolled over the grass. Somehow, the hidden pin must have snagged on Rod's collar, half-hidden underneath and unnoticed.

That was the truth . . . but would anyone believe it? Rod sat in frozen panic. Any other boy could just ride back and return it, explaining how it happened. Any other boy . . .

But not Rod!

Everybody knew why Rod lived with his Aunt Mame and Uncle Jed. They all knew that Rod's father was in jail . . .

A cloud of suspicion had always seemed to surround Rod because of his father's imprisonment. Sometimes he had been deeply hurt, like the time he took a refer-

ence book home from the school library. It wasn't supposed to be taken out. Some of the boys had openly called him a thief . . . until Miss Randle explained she had given special permission.

Aunt Mame had kept Rod from bitterness, bolstering his courage with wise words. "Remember, my boy. What your father did doesn't really matter. It's what you do that matters. Always do the right thing and nothing can hurt you."

But if he tried to return the pin, how could he fight their ugly suspicions?

"I know," Rod thought in relief. "I'll just throw it away. Nobody will know I ever had it. Let somebody else find it and return it."

But Rod hesitated, not flinging the pin away. What if it were never found? There were tangled weeds and rabbit holes all around. Miss Randle valued the brooch highly for sentimental reasons. Should she suffer the loss for his cowardly deed? Would Aunt Mame call that the "right thing" to do?

Rod put down his hand, gripping the pin firmly. He turned his pony back to the schoolhouse. Strangely enough, Miss Randle was waiting outside on the steps.

"Miss Randle," Rod faltered, "I found your pin . . . uh . . . stuck in my jacket and . . ."

Rod choked and stopped, waiting for her scornful accusations.

But Miss Randle was smiling. "I know, Rod. I tried to call you back before but you didn't hear me. You see, just as you left, I saw the flash of sunlight from the pin under your collar. I realized you had no idea it was there, so you don't have to explain. And of course I knew you would return it as soon as you noticed."

Rod winced, thinking back. If he had thrown the pin away, it would have "pinned" the guilt on him! Returning it had saved him. That was what Aunt Mame meant . . . how doing the right thing could never hurt you.

Riding away, Rod was grateful for the timely prick of the pin. But he was more grateful for what had really saved him . . . the prick of his conscience.



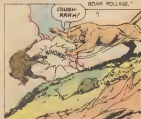


QUICK AS A FLASH CAME THE ROAR OF A BIG OLD HOG. AND I SAW HIM STRUTTING TOWARDS A TREE WHO WAS AFTER A LITTLE PIG.

THERE ARE LOTS OF THESE RAZORBACK HOGS STILL ROARING THE BRUSH COUNTRY AND THEY'RE NOT AFRAID EVEN OF A TIGER!



"BUT FIERCE AS THEY ARE, ONE BOAR IS NO MATCH FOR A FULL GROWN TIGER! I SAW THE BIG CAT DODGE AND LAND A BLOW THAT SENT THE BOAR ROLLING."



"AND SCREAMING, ESPECIALLY FROM A PIGLET WHO WAS STILL LEFT OUT! HE GAVE A RUNNING."



"THAT DID IT! THE WHOLE HERD BROKE CIRCLE AND FLEW INTO THE TIGER SO FAST THAT HE COULDN'T CARRY OFF HIS MEAT!"



"HE PICKED HIMSELF UP AND WOBLED AWAY TO JOIN A CIRCLE OF OLD BOARS AND SOWS THAT HAD GATHERED SOME WORN LITTLE PIGS! BY NOW THERE WAS A LOT OF GRUNTING."



"AND DON'T SEE THE TIGER UNTIL HE WAS ALMOST FAST HIM! HE STOPPED WITH A LOUDER SQUEAL AND THE CAT CUFFED AT HIM!"



"HE DID WELL TO GET AWAY WITH HIS HIDE-- AND THAT HAD SOME HOLES IN IT!"



"ALL THIS HAPPENED IN ABOUT SIXTY SECONDS-- AND I WASN'T NEAR ENOUGH TO USE MY SIX-GUN! BUT I WANTED THAT TIGER! NOT MANY OF THEM COME NORTH OF THE BORDER, BUT THEY'RE CATTLE KILLERS."



"I HEADED FOR HOME AND A SOLID REPLY! ANYBODY WHO TIES LONG SHOTS AT A TWO HUNDRED POUND TIGER WITH A PISTOL IS EITHER BRAVER OR CRAZIER THAN I AM!"



"NEXT DAY I WAS BACK HUNTING FOR HIM! I KNEW THE HOGS HAD HURT HIM, AND HE LIKELY WOULDN'T GO FAR! I WAS RIDING UNDER A HIGH CUTBANK, WHEN..."



"...MY HORSE SKED SIX FEET SIDEWISE AND I SLUMPED A BIT. YELLOW BODY COMING DOWN AT ME!"



"MY HORSE'S JUMP SAVED MY LIFE-- AND MORSE HIS TOO! I NALLED THAT TIGER, RIGHT WHERE HE LIT IN THE DUST INSTEAD OF ON MY NECK!"



"WITH YOUR SIX-GUN, CHARLEY?"

"YUP! IF I WOULD HAVE HAD TO DRAG MY RIFLE OUT OF THE SHOULDER SCABBARD BEFORE I SHOT THAT TAWNY KILLER WOULD HAVE MADE CAT MEAT OF ME! YESSIR, A SIX-GUN IS NIGHTY HANDY SOMETIMES!"



BELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

the Crossbill



Besides the Crossbill, there is no other bird in America which possesses the peculiar crossing of the bills. Casual observers have always pitied this member of the Finch family for what they believed was an unfortunate deformity. The truth is, however, his bill has been perfectly fashioned by nature to help him in his feeding habits. The greater part of the Crossbill's diet is made up of pine-cone seeds. In order to reach those seeds, the bird inserts his closed bill into the cone's side and then, with amazing

strength, he opens the mandibles and tears out the scales. Thus, the seeds are uncovered. So powerful are the muscles which operate his bill, this wrench bird is capable of splintering solid wood.

The Crossbill is common to Northern and Eastern North America. In cone-filled forests, the bird builds a nest of twigs and bark, lining it with moss and grass to keep it firm. The female Crossbill lays three to four pale green speckled eggs.

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